That ſtill records within one, or when
She would with rich and conſtant pen,
Vaile to her Miſtreſſe *Dian* ſtill,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With abſolute *Morina*: ſo
The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praiſes, which are paide as debts,
And not as given, this ſo darkes
In *Phyloten* all graceſull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with envie rare,
A preſent murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might ſtand peereleſſe by this ſlaughter.
The ſooner her vile thoughts to ſtead,
Lychorida our Nurſe is dead,
And curſed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant inſtrument of wrath.
Preſt for this blow, the unborne event,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poſte on the lame feete of my rime,
Which never could I ſo convey,
Vnleſſe your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer. *Exit.*

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou haſt ſworne to do it, tis but a blow, which never ſhall be knowne, thou canſt not do a thing in the world ſo ſoone, to yeeld thee ſo much profite, let not conſcience which is but cold, in flaming thy love boſome, enflame too nicely; nor let pitty, which even women have caſt off, melt thee, but be a ſouldiour to thy purpoſe.

Leon. I will doo't but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods ſhould have her,
Here ſhe comes weeping for her onely Miſtreſſe death,

Thou

Thou art reſolv'd?

Leon. I am reſolv'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flow

Mar. No, I will robbe *Tellus* of her wee
greene with Flowers: the yellowes, blewes, t
lets and Marigolds, ſhall as a Carpet hang
while Summer dayes doth laſt. Aye me poore
a tempeſt, when my mother dide: this worl
laſting ſtorme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina*? why de'ye wee
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Doe not conſume your bloud with ſorrowing,
You have a Nurſe of me. Lord how your favo
Chang'd with this unprofitable woe:
Come give me your flowers, ere the ſea marre
Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,
And it pierces and ſharpens the ſtomacke;
Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke wi

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of y

Dion. Come, come, I love the King your f
ſelfe, with more than forraine heart; we every
here, when he ſhall come and finde our Parig
thus blaſted. Hee will repent the breadth of hi
blame both my Lord and mee, that wee have
your beſt courſes. Go I pray you, walke and be
againe; reſerve that excellent complexion, wh
eyes of young and old,
Care not for me, I can goe home alone.

Mar. Well, I will goe, but yet I have no de

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you
Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the leaſt.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leave you my ſweet Lady, for a wh
ſoftly, doe not heate your bloud; What, I muſ
you.